528

VOL. XII NO. 11

THE SCHOLAR

AUGUST 1937

1437
248

OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR OF BOOKS
14 OCT 1937
MADRAS

CONTENTS

		Page.
1.	From Beyond —*Nicholas Roerich*	519
2.	The Outriders (*Poem*) —*Barnet D. Conlan*	525
3.	The Swinburne Centenary —*Diwan Bahadur K. S. Ramaswamy Sastry*	526
4.	What is Religion—Its Need and Its Goal —*Aghoram Aiyer*	531
5.	An Earthbound Primate —*Rev. F. H. Aldhouse, M. A.*	538
6.	Concentration and Meditation —*Swami Sivananda*	541
7.	Fourth Dimensional Vistas in Roerich's Art —*Ivan Narodny*	544
8.	Tales from Rajput History —*V. Rangacharya, M. A.*	551
9.	Stolen Smiles	558
10.	Book Reviews	559

E. H. PARAMESWARAN M. A., L. T., *Editor.*,
E. N. SUBRAHMANYAM, M. A., B. L., } *Associate Editors.*
E. V. RAMAKRISHNAN, B. A.

LITERATURE SCIENCE ART

THE KAVASSERY BANK,

KAVASSERY

THREE YEAR CASH CERTIFICATES

The Kavassery Bank has great pleasure in offering to the public this issue of three year cash certificates.

The Cash Certificates are issued under 3 denominations of Rs. 100, 250, 500 and the amounts to be paid for receiving these sums at the end of three years are given below for easy reference.

Rs. 100--80. Rs. 250—200. Rs. 500--400.

The interest will be compounded yearly.

Withdrawal of the full amount deposited with interest is allowed at any time after 6 months of depositing, subject to two weeks' notice and under the following terms:—

a) If the amount is withdrawn after 6 months but before 12 months interest is allowed at 4½% per annum simple interest.

b) If the amount is withdrawn after 12 months but before 24 months, interest is allowed at 6% per annum simple interest.

c) If the certificate has been held for over 24 months but withdrawn before due date interest is allowed at 7½% simple interest.

This means, that money invested in Cash Certificates is at your disposal, any time after 6 months and is returnable with interest whenever required. The certificates, if required, can be issued in the names of two or more persons and can be made payable to any one or more of them or the survivors.

Payment on the due date or earlier (as the case may be) of this deposit will be made at the office of issue on presentation of the certificate duly discharged.

Interest on this deposit will cease at the expiry of 3 years from the date of the certificate.

This deposit is not transferable and not negotiable.

T. K. Naganatha Iyer,

Proprietor.

Approved for class use for schools in the Madras Presidency.
(Vide Fort St. George Gazette, dated 4th May 1937).

AMAZING VALUE

HIGH SCHOOL ENGLISH GRAMMAR AND HIGH SCHOOL ENGLISH COMPOSITION

BY

P. C. WREN, M. A. (Oxon.), I. E. S. (Retired)

AND

H. MARTIN, M. A. (Oxon.), O. B. E.

Pages 647. **Price Rs. 3.**

Both Wren's "High School English Grammar" and Wren and Martin's "High School English Composition" are now largely used in schools. At the suggestion of several Headmasters, this ONE VOLUME edition of the two books is published at the low price of Rs. 3 only. Part II of "High School English Grammar" is however, omitted as part I of "High School English Composition" covers the same ground somewhat more fully.

OPINION

"Wren's Composition hardly requires any recommendation or review as it is very widely read all over the land. By placing this book in the market, the publishers have hardly left......any room for choice."—*The Bombay Teachers' Journal* (March, 1937).

"The publishers should feel proud that they have been successful in making it a STANDARD book."—*The Bombay Teachers' Journal* (March, 1937).

COOPER—PUBLISHERS—BOMBAY—6

14 OCT 1937
MADRAS

ANNOUNCEMENT

THE
SCHOLAR ANNUAL, 1937

PUBLICATION IN OCTOBER

With September, *The Scholar* completes the twelfth year of its existence and, in accordance with our practice in previous years the first number of the new volume will be an extraordinary number.

It will contain a larger number of features than usual, and numerous pictures, views, stories, dramas, poems and contributions in lighter vein.

The 1937 Annual will be a star number and provide a favourable and suitable opportunity for advertisers, who it is hoped, will patronise it in large numbers.

A single copy will cost annas twelve, but those who register their names in advance will get a concession of annas two a copy. This concession will be allowed till October 25. As usual, subscribers will get their Annual Copy free as also new subscribers who begin their period from the Annual, i. e., from October 1937.

Therefore, register your name with

THE MANAGER,

THE SCHOLAR,

PALGHAT

Cleansed
and protected
Bathe with Margo Soap and see how clean and refreshed you feel. Its creamy, antiseptic lather cleanses each tiny pore of every trace of dirt and dust and leaves the skin cleaner and refreshed. Made as it is from refined Margosa Oil, Margo Soap removes perspiration odour, and protects you from prickly heat and other diseases.
MARGO
TOILET & MEDICINAL
MARGO SOAP
The ideal soap for all toilet purposes

V. R. L.

RANGA IYER & BROS.,

SILK & CLOTH MERCHANTS.

BIG BAZAAR, PALGHAT

POPULAR, RELIABLE & CHEAPEST HOUSE FOR

Benares, Bangalore, Conjeevaram,

Madura, Karachi & Salem Silks, Saries,

Dhoties & Angavastrams in

up-to-date designs and

latest style.

MOFUSSIL ORDERS PROMPTLY EXECUTED

SMALL PROFITS & QUICK RETURNS

A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU

AMRITA SARSA

Cures Primary, Secondary and Tertiary Syphilis, ulcerated sores, black pimples on the face, glandular swelling, scurvy sores, blood and skin diseases, and is a marvellous remedy for impoverished blood, nervous debility, premature decay or want of strength and energy and the fearful complaints. Any one who has used it will not deny the fact that "**Amrita Sarsa**" is the best blood Purifier and a charm that infuses fresh vigour into the system.

The mixture is pleasant to taste and is free from any injurious ingredient. It is perfectly harmless in its action and is equally efficacious to the healthy and the diseased.

Price: 1 phial ***Re. 1***. 3 phials ***Rs. 2-8***. Per dozen phials ***Rs. 9***.
Postage: ***As. 8***, ***Rs. 1-1-0*** and ***Rs. 2-13-0*** respectively.

MAHA SASARISTA

The great remedy for all kinds of Cough and Asthma. There is no other disease so painful and intolerable as that of Cough and Asthma. Victims of these diseases never get peace of mind in any stage, when at sleep or awake. When the diseases are severe the body is bedewed with sweat, the face becoming pale, expression impossible, the respiratory efforts become violent and the patient is in a paroxysm of the most intense dysphonia. When the patient is in such a stage he feels the world whirl round him, let him take one dose of our **Maha Sasarista** and he is sure to feel immense relief. Our **Maha Sasarista** is the specific for the constitutional cure of Cough and Asthma. We generally advise our patients to use this medicine first of all. 3 bottles are quite sufficient to destroy the disease to its very germ and to give great relief and peace of mind.

Price: 8 oz. phial ***Rs. 1 8***. 3 phials ***Rs. 3-12***. *Postage*: ***As. 11 & Rs. 1-9***,

SRI GOPAL TAILA

(For external application.)

The Wonderful Invigorator of the Nervous System

Sri Gopal Taila is the best Nervine Tonic. It invigorates the brain, cheers the mind, removes all seminal weakness and acts as a sovereign remedy for sexual incapacity. It has the most exhilarating effect after use. It infuses a fresh vigour into the worn-out and infirm constitution.

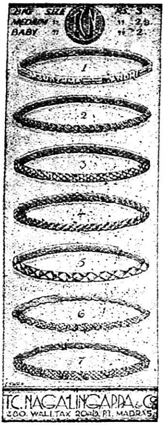
Price: per phial ***Re. 1***. 3 phials ***Rs. 2-8***. *Postage*: ***0-8-0 & 0-13-0***.

The Mahat Ayurvedic Pharmacy,

Kaviraj Rajendranath Sen Gupta Kabiratna,

144/1. Upper Chitpur Road, CALCUTTA

T. C. N. LEADS



WHY?

There is Nothing Better
Neater or Nicer to Wear
T. C. N. is an efficient
substitute for

SOVEREIGN
GOLD BANGLES

Guaranteed for two years.

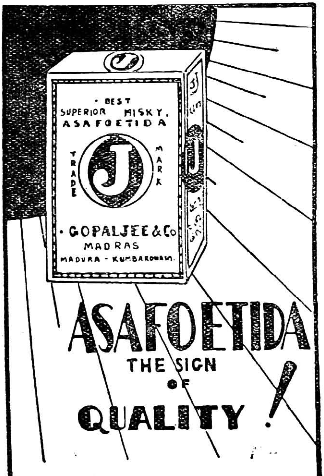
Big Size from 2″ and above Rs. 3 per pair
Medium Size from $1\frac{3}{4}$″
below 2″ Rs. 2—8—0 per pair.
Baby Size from $1\frac{1}{2}$″ below $1\frac{3}{4}$″ Rs. 2 per pair.
V. P. Charges 0—6—0 up to 6 pairs.

Available in all Modern Styles.

Catalogue Free on application.

T. C. Nagalingappa & Co.,

280, WALLTAX ROAD, P. T., MADRAS



SCLD
EVERYWHERE

FOR

HEALTH AND HAPPNESS

SEE YOU GET

The original misky quality

J

The best Asafoetida that gives rich flavour, aroma and taste and approved by the Medical people as a digestive associate.

GOPALJEE & Co.,

BOMBAY — MADRAS
KUMBAKONAM — MADURA

SRI

SIVAKAMI-NATESA NIDHI,

Head Office: **Chittur-Cochin.**

Branches: **1. Travellers' Bungalow Road, Palghat.**

2. Tattamangalam

Sole Proprietor: **C. S. SADASIVA IYER**

Receives Fixed and Short Term Deposits,

Opens Current and Savings Bank Accounts

at the following rates of interest.

Allows Over Drafts, Cash credit accounts etc

to approved constituents

and

gives all kinds of Banking facilities.

For further particulars please apply.

RATES OF INTEREST

Fixed Deposits	for 1 year	7½%
Do.	for 9 months	6¼%
Do.	for 6 months	6%
Do.	for 3 months	4½%
Do.	for 1 month	3%
Current Accounts		4½%
Savings Bank Accounts		6%

FOR

DELICIOUS,
DIGESTIBLE,
DAINTY

Savoury dishes use our famous

MISKY **V H R** ASAFOETIDA

AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE

VARJIWANDAS HIRJEE & Co.,

194, GOVINDAPPA NAICK ST.,

MADRAS

HEALTH IS WEALTH

You can keep yourself clean and healthy by the regular use of

KERALA COALTAR SOAP

DISINFECTANT AND GERMICIDAL

GUARANTEED PURE

AVOID SPURIOUS IMITATIONS

Manufactured by:

Kerala Soap Institute, Calicut.

By APPOINTMENT TO

HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF WILLINGDON

VICEROY & GOVERNOR GENERAL OF INDIA

AND TO HIS EXCELLENCY

THE GOVERNOR OF MADRAS

Our Recent Publications. **On Topical Subjects.**

A HERMIT IN THE HIMALAYAS

BY

PAUL BRUNTON

Rs. 3—8—0

Author of:--A Search in Secret India, A Message from Arunachala.

Paul Brunton, intrepid investigator into spiritual and psychic mysteries, acclaimed by the London "Daily Sketch," as the man "who knows more about Yoga than any living Englishman," retired into complete solitude among the rugged mountains of the Indo Tibetan border, so as to carry out the Biblical injunction of his Master. "Be still and know that I am God."

In this lonely retreat he kept a journal, in which he entered some of his experiences and many of his meditative reflections upon varied aspects of life and Truth. Under the inspiration of the lofty Himalayas and of his quest of inward stillness, he has here written down a host of unforgettable thoughts and successfully conveyed the beautiful atmosphere of his exalted environment.

These pages will carry to readers in stuffy cities something of the crisp air of the Himalaya Mountains.

PRACTICAL EDUCATION

(A Monograph on Education in India)

BY

G. N. GOKHALE, B.Sc., L.C.E., I.S.E., (Retired.)

With a Foreword by Dr. G. S. ARUNDALE, M. A.

Price Rs. 2—8—0

It is admitted on all hands that the education imparted in schools in this country is too literary and that it requires a change. The questions of *educational reconstruction* is engaging the attention of government and educationists The book in question explains the necessity for bringing about a change in the educational system of the country so as to make it *more practical*. It also aims at creating public opinion in favour of such a change. The place of manual training in the curriculum of schools, the importance of technical education and the necessity for giving an agricultural bias in rural schools are all discussed thoroughly. A perusal of the book will show that it will be of great use to those responsible for the framing of curricula of studies in schools and those engaged in training of teachers and pupils.

INDIA AS A FEDERATION

BY

K. V. PUNNAIAH, M.A. (Hons)

Lecturer in History, Andhra University

Price Rs. 3—8-0

This recent publication has been brought out on the wake of the *New Federal constitution* that has taken place in India. The author has considered all the important aspects of the Federation, leaving nothing to be desired. He has approached the subject in a manner that will give us the inner motives of the Makers and the Recipients. In short he discusses the various points in the interest of Indian People and the anomalies of the constitution are well brought out.

B. G. PAUL & CO.,

PUBLISHERS & BOOK-SELLERS,

12, Francis Joseph Street, MADRAS

Telegrams: "SIGACO" Phone: 3168

THE SOUTH INDIAN GENERAL ASSURANCE Co., LTD.,

(Incorporated in India)

Head office:—

Christian College Building, Esplanade, MADRAS

Branches:—

BOMBAY

381, Ismail Buildings,

Hornby Road

CALCUTTA

9, Dalhousie Square,

East

District Organiser's Office:—

BANGALORE

24 A, Balepet.

A First Class Indian Life Office Offering

MAXIMUM BENEFITS at MINIMUM COSTS

DOUBLE & TRIPLE BENEFIT POLICIES A SPECIALITY

Influential and reliable persons are offered the best opportunity as Agents and Oganisers.

FEMALE LIVES ACCEPTED

Intending agents are invited to correspond with

Messrs. K. C. Pandalai & Co.,

MANAGING AGENTS

"ARMAGEDDON 1936" *by Nicholas Roerich.*

The SCHOLAR

VOL. XII | AUGUST 1937 | NO. 11.

From Beyond

(DIARY LEAVES)

By NICHOLAS ROERICH

THERE is a particular kind of people who call themselves sceptics and who require "material proofs", and yet in this, for each proof they will find some disproof of their own. If a witness to something appears, they will say that it simply seemed so to him. If a great number of witnesses come forward, it will very likely be declared that mass psychosis took place. If they see the impression of something on a material film, they will probably suspect some cleverly fabricated falsification. In this they lose sight of the fact that a man who is too suspicious of others bears within himself the germs of that very thing which he is so ready to impute to others.

Among all the forms of evidence, the most striking ones for sceptics will be signs which have appeared on material objects. If something appears upon a film which was not in front of the camera at the moment of exposure, then even a sworn doubter will be shaken in his confirmed scepticism, that is to say, in his ignorance. So many times each one has had occasion to meet with people who have solemnly declared that if proofs should be manifested to

them, they would proclaim far and wide that of which they had been convinced. But when these proofs which they were awaiting appeared before their very eyes, not only did none of them proclaim anything publicly, but they continued quite coolly to wear the same mantle of sceptical complacence. Does one need to cite examples of this?

Let us leave for awhile the matter of personal observations and for the time being disregard the great number of witnesses, while we recall several episodes in the field of photography. A large amount of literature has grown up regarding the question of photographing forms "from beyond". In the book "Photographing the Invisible" by James Coates can be found a whole series of prints which it is difficult to suspect of any falsification. Likewise it is just as impossible to regard as spurious those accidental prints which the photographers themselves consider due simply to defective films. I recall how once in India a photograph was taken of a deceased person, and on the print beside the body appeared a whole row of figures, which those intimate with the deceased conclusively recognized as relatives of his, who had preceded him in death. Likewise we have had occasion to see simple passport photographs upon which in the most unusual places appeared faces which could not be accounted for. Photographers have been chagrined at deteriorated films, but of course such "deterioration" can take place far oftener than may be supposed.

Quite recently there was communicated to us the following "mysterious" episode, which took place during the filming of a motion picture.

This amazing story which occurred on the set in one of the Hollywood studios was related by the distinguished American cinema artist, Warner Baxter. During the making of the picture sequences, in the course of the action, he was to represent a man mourning over the death of his wife. The actor was in great form, and the director remarked that never before in his life had he played his role with such versimilitude.

That evening the film taken was run off in the projection room at the studio in the presence of the director. After several minutes he rushed to the telephone and called Baxter.

"Come immediately," he said in a trembling voice, "something absolutely unbelievable has happened."

Baxter hastened to the studio in an automobile. The director led him into the projection room and told the operator to rerun the film taken that morning.

That which Baxter saw on the screen stunned him also. He saw himself seated in an armchair in an attitude of despair. Suddenly behind his back appeared quite perceptible lineaments of a woman's figure. Neither Baxter nor the director could find any explanation for this astonishing manifestation. The possibility of the unobserved appearance of an outsider before the camera during the filming was absolutely excluded. Likewise there could be no question of a technical trick. The camera man affirmed on oath that he had used an absolutely immaculate roll of film.

The next day the taking of this same scene was repeated, with all measures of precaution being taken. When this second film was run off, the amazed spectators again saw this mysterious apparition behind the actor's back.

In the words of Warner Baxter, to this day he has not succeeded in accounting for this astonishing manifestation. Some of the cinema artists who believe in the occult sciences affirm that in the case cited there took place a manifestation of some particular spirit. Others affirm that the thoughts of the actor, attaining a high degree of tension, took on a material form. The fact that the mysterious spectre appeared in both the successive exposures excludes any possibility of fraud or trick.

Let us set aside for awhile carrying out to conclusion arguments as to precisely how to explain the unexpected appearance of the figure on the film. On these themes it is possible to discourse at great length, and for sceptics such conjectures will still be unconvincing. But the very

appearance of the figure on the film, which was testified to by the many who saw this registration, remains indisputable. It is especially characteristic that the episode occurred twice. It is entirely impossible to form conjectures and conclusions about precisely what attendant circumstances could contribute to such a manifestation. Obviously there exist such conditions, complicated as viewed by human thinking, which do not as yet yield to formulation.

We have had occasion to hear in what unexpected conditions the most remarkable prints have resulted. Yet at the same time, when, according to human reasoning, the "best" conditions were arranged, no results were obtained. Precisely the unexpectedness of manifestations especially arrests the attention. In this very unexpectedness vanishes any suggestion of fraud. And again, what falsification could be looked for in those cases, when people not only do not rejoice at the manifestations, but on the contrary consider them simply deterioration of films?

It has been related to us, how a friend of ours obtained from a photographer's studio a so-called unsuccessful photograph, upon which in different positions there had come out some strange unaccounted-for faces. The photographer was extremely apologetic for such strangely spoiled film, and did not even want to give away a negative, in his opinion so unsuccessful. In this case it is characteristic that the apartment itself of the photographer was quite the usual type, in which there were made numerous exposures every day. And our friend himself was in a most ordinary worldly frame of-mind, being completely removed from thought about anything extraordinary. Many times we have happened to hear that surprising manifestations occur not when they are expected by the human reason, but precisely in the most unexpected circumstances. We have happened to see the rooms where remarkable prints had been made, and it was amazing that in such a drab atmosphere anything unusual could take place. Evidently there exist especially subtle conditions which for the present elude human understanding.

Likewise by their own premature conclusions people frequently destroy the possibilities of significant manifestations. The grossest judgments during the subtlest manifestations can only be harmful. Before making any arbitrary conclusions, one should without prejudice collect all the available facts. In this matter, let people call you materialists,—it is unimportant how they shall define your methods. But first of all it is important to display impartiality in all relationships. The film is a material object. No one will suspect the film and the photographic apparatus of anything "supernatural". But if these material objects note down something most subtle, it is all the same by what path and what method, provided the new facts penetrate into the human consciousness. Everything which broadens and bestows new possibilities must be accepted with gratitude.

If a noteworthy fact comes out not in a specially constructed laboratory but amidst the most worldly surroundings, then certainly this detail in no wise belittles its true significance. It is possible to call to mind so many most useful discoveries made not by specialists in the particular field, but sometimes as it were by casual workers. From the domain of metallurgy we have had occasion to hear how specialists have paid attention to the particular methods employed by certain experienced workmen. Precisely these " casual " methods subsequently proved especially useful in the hands of specialists, forming them into an integral and significant improvement.

Specialists divide themselves into two camps. Some, even those who are serious scholars, arrogantly pass by the most interesting facts if they are not arrayed in scientific garb. Whereas the others, amid the most ordinary surroundings, know how to observe and to work out most important improvements. Of course it is well known that there has been inspected only the most insignificant portion of brain activity. Not without reason has attention frequently been turned to the fact that human mutual relationships have been least of all studied. Call these domains psychology or, circumstantially, reflexology; give them any names

which can assist your experiments, but guard these most precious fields against light-minded outrage.

It is highly indicative that such books as Alexis Carrel's "Man, the Unknown" have reached ten editions and are considered the most widely circulated in the international market. Man is still striving for cognition. Apart from epidemics of dances and newly devised games, people in all countries are striving for enlightenment. News has reached that at present in Moscow upon suggestion of the late Maxim Gorky a colossal block of buildings covering 450 hectares is being erected, dedicated to the study of man. The central place is occupied by the All-Union Institute of Experimental Medicine. Research with goodwill is the first factor in advancement.

The Outriders.

It is He on the white horse that we must outride
For the waters are rising and in comes the tide,
Then let us go quicker and quicker than He,
Like the sun and the rain and the wind on the sea.

Look! he rides as the foam on the waters that pour
In their torrents to break up the rocks on the shore,
And the storm winds are with Him to urge on his flight,
While the light of the west has long sunk from our sight.

And the air is alive with black pinions, a beam
As of metal wings kindles the East in its gleam,
'Tis a light that is sinister saffron and dun,
And that tinges the foam like a sinister sun.

Yet an army behind Him all riding as one,
And all armed with the shafts of an Infinite Sun
Are invading the Past as the light of the Dawn,
Will invade the dark night till a New World is born.

For the Iron shall break up the Iron, and the Fire
Burn up all the anger, devour all the ire,
Till the forest huts rise as an emblem of Peace
And the Golden Age come and the cities shall cease.

Though the sands and the salt water pools hurry by,
Yet the night cometh up with no star in the sky,
Then let us go quicker and quicker than He,
Like the Sun and the Rain and the Wind on the Sea.

Barnett. D. Conlan

The Swinburne Centenary

BY DIWAN BAHADUR K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI

IT was on the 7th April 1937 that the Swinburne Centenary was celebrated. A century has elapsed since his birth. The Victorian era has now vanished and we are now in a new age. The themes and rhymes which charmed our grandfathers charm us no more. The Great War has come and gone, and a greater war is looming on the horizon. We can no longer "sport with Amarylls in the shade or with the tangles of Naera's hair". Though thus the puny loves and faiths of an older era may now only provoke a smile, yet whatever profoundly interested and stirred an earlier generation—and one not far off from us by physical or emotional or spiritual kinship—must move us even today.

The great poets of Europe have not been left with that curious combination of neglect and worship which we exhibit in India. The lives of our poets are a mass of legends and we know nothing about their combined littleness and greatness of soul, their likes and dislikes, their ambitions and achievements. But the Western poets are luckier in every way.

This is not all. We have been content with a grammatical and linguistic and rhetorical and prosodic study of our poets. The greatest of our commentators--Mallinatha, Nachinarkiniar and others, have been but speaking dictionaries. Some have studied our great poets from a historical or comparative or national or international or aesthetic or spiritual point of view. None has traced their aesthetic and spiritual ancestry. None has sought to trace their relations to their age. None has tried to estimate their influence on their successors. Even the *Ramayana* has been left uncared for. No doubt it has been handled—may I say mishandled and manhandled—to bolster up this or that sectarian scheme of thought. But that is all. The Western poets are luckier in these respects. Even such a

new-comer as Swinburne has been studied from many aspects by many thinking admirers and admiring thinkers,

Swinburne was born on 5th April 1837 in London. He was born in sight of the sea and amid lovely surroundings. He describes his early impressions thus:

> The sun to sport in and the cliffs to scale,
> The sea to clasp and wrestle with, till breath
> For rapture more than weariness would fail.
> The many-coloured joys of dawn and noon,
> That lit with love a child's life and a boy's,
> And kept a man's concord and in tune
> With lifelong music of memorial joys
> Where thought held life and dream in equipoise.
> The joy that lives at heart and home,
> The joy to rest, the joy to roam,
> The joy of crags and scaurs he clomb,
> The rapture of the encountering foam
> Embraced and breasted by the boy,
> The first good stead his knees bestrode,
> The first wild sound of songs that flowed
> Through ears that thrilled and hearts that glowed
> Fulfilled his death with joy.

He says that he owed his inspiration to the Bible and to Charles Lamb's Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets. He fell in love with the Elizabethan dramatists. His early poems such as *The Ode to Mazzine* do not have the wonderful Swinburne touch as a great master of the English metrics. But even in that poem there occurs a fine passage —which is strangely as applicable to India now as to Italy in those days:

> As one who dreaming on some cloud-white peak
> Hears the loud wind sail past him far and free,
> And the faint music of the misty sea,
> Listening till all his life reels blind and weak;
> So discrowned Italy
> With the world's hope in her hands
> Ever yearning to get free
> Silent between the past and future stands.

In *Atalanta in Babylon* and *Poems and Ballads* and *Songs Before Sunrise* we are in the most radiant Swinburnian era. The gorgeous procession of anpaestic measures

in them is dazzling even to the point of bewilderment. I give below a characteristic bit of poetry from *Atalanta.*

> When the bounds of spring are in winters traces,
> The mother of months in meadow or plain
> Fills the shadows and windy places
> With lisp of waves and ripples of rain ;
> And the brown bright nightingale amorous
> Is half assuaged for Itylus,
> For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
> The tongueless vigil, and all the pain."

In the same drama there occurs the famous passage :

> "Before the beginning of years
> There came to the making of man
> Time, with a gift of tears,
> Grief, with a glass than ran,
> Pleasure, with pain for leaven,
> Summer, with flowers that fell,
> Remembrance fallen from heaven,
> And madness risen from hell,
> Strength without hands to smite,
> Love that endures for a breath,
> Night, the shadow of light,
> And the life, the shadow of death,
> They gave him light in his way,
> And love, and a space for delight,
> And beauty and length of days,
> And night and sleep in the night.
> His speech is a burning fire ;
> With his lips he travaileth ;
> In his heart is a blind desire,
> In his eyes preknowledge of death ;
> He weaves and is clothed with derision ;
> Sows, and he shall not reap ;
> His life is a watch and a vision
> Between a sleep and a sleep."

We see also in it his fierce and foolish denunciation of God—his petty and puny thunders against the Supreme.

> "Smites without sword and scourges without rod,
> The Supreme evil, God."

It was *Atalanta* that made Swinburne famous. His triology on Mary Queen of Scots is equally remarkable. But the supremely Swinburnian note is to be noted in his *Poems*

and Ballads (First Series and Second Series) and *Songs before Sunrise.* Some wonderful snatches from them may well be quoted :

"O bitterness of things too sweet !
O broken sighing of the dove !
Love's wings are over-fleet,
And like the panther's feet
The feet of love."
But in the light and laughter, in the moan
And music, and in grasp of lip and hand
And shudder of water that makes felt on land
The immeasurable tremor of all the sea,
Memories shall mix and metaphors of me."
"Like me the one star swooning with desire
Even at the cold lips of the sleepless moon,
As I at thine, like me the waste white moon,
Burnt through with barren sunlight; and like me
The land-stream and the tide-stream in the sea."

It is not possible to go into all his works here. His genius generally took fire from other luminaries but burnt with his own peculiar blaze of colour. He took the cue first from the Elizabethan drama and then from Greek drama and then from Victor Hugo. But his rhythm was his own and the revolutionary fervour which he brought in was an inner exhalation. He eventually attached moral convention and religious and spiritual ideals with concentrated animosity.

His prose works have fine qualities of their own, though they are far below the level of his work as a poet. Among them may be mentioned his *Study of Shakespeare*, the *Modern Heptalogia, Note on Charlotte Bronte, The Age of Shakespeare* etc. His enthusiastic nature forbade a real depth and width of critical discernment. But where his enthusiasm was kindled, he could interpret with strange revelatory power.

His finest work is, as already stated by me, in the field of the lyric. He gave the lyric a new lilt and a new glory of movement. He galvanised the English iambic by the electric shocks of the dactyl and the anapaest. He substituted the rich comprehensiveness of an orchestral

harmony for the single instrument or the small combinations of earlier eras. He did not give the Goddess of Poesy a new message but he clad her in a rich brocade of song.

I may refer in conclusion to a few of his great ideas on poets and poetry. He affirmed that poetry "should have a high standard of sincerity and idealism, "a heat of spiritual life", "an ardent harmony", "an instinct and resolution of excellence which will allow no shortcoming or malformation of thought or word". He declared also: "The test of the highest poetry is that it includes all tests". "A great poet can perfect his picture with strangely few touches".

What is Religion?
Its need and its goal.

By AGHORAM AIYER

(Continued from our previous issue)

WHAT underlying weakness in religion was it that made it through the ages an instrument of hatred, discord and strife, while from, another side of it, it was an archangel of peace and blessedness? It was due chiefly to its having become mixed up with the supernatural. In the early ages of human society it was more natural for man to connect a living power with the great phenomena of nature. Then, there was the phenomenon of death, and men felt so dearly for their kindred that departed this sphere. It was natural for men to send out their thoughts to those that were dead, and in the process get to believe in communicating with the dead. Then there was the great miracle of dream consciousness, and sleep and apparent death, and emergence from out of them without any hurt to life. Then, there were the great cataclysmal happenings in nature, the earthquakes and the volcanoes and the floods. Struck dumb by several of these strange phenomena early man's mind turned to the supernatural. From the conception of several supernatural agencies, gradually evolved the conception of a single supreme power which held together the different parts of the universe in a state of order. Most historical religions have come up to that centralising monotheistic conception. When you introduce the element of the supernatural into your investigation, you cannot help inculcating certain doctrines as a matter of belief. But when you are concerned with making people believe, rather than making them realise, you are coming up against a vulnerable spot. Most often your effort will be to make people believe against themselves.

Much of the discord and strife that has been generated in the world through religion is due to its having been

orgnised as an annexe of the State, and the attempt of the State to force certain beliefs upon its citizens. This disfiguring side of religion has been more particularly brought into view during certain ill-fated periods of European History. The idea that the State should support a Church and should give sanction to the beliefs and convictions of the people on ultimate things was most hurtful to the true growth of religion. Human mind pressed forward with investigation into these vexed questions. Different schools of thought came into vogue and gained support from adherents. Some one of them influenced the counsels of the State and got up mixed with all the policies of the State and with the aid of the State attained a dominium over people's minds. It was a state of affairs in which the State and the Church entered into a conspiracy to crush the spirit of freedom, to crush enquiry and knowledge.

At the same time, this unfortunate position did not develop in this peculiar manner in other parts of the world. The persecutions in the name of religion, in these cases, resulted from the alliance between the State and the church. The Church was one of the Estates of the Realm and it was a power to reckon with in shaping the policies of the State. Religious persecution of a totally different kind was witnessed by the world for some centuries when a few adventurous and ambitious spirits in Islam worked up by the idea of a pan-Islamic empire embarked with conquering zeal and swept large parts of the world before them and propagated the faith they believed in, even by compulsion and threat and peril to life. There are conflicting versions as to these persecutions, but a great substratum of truth is believed by most historians to be present in them. It is almost certain that in the times ahead of us, there would be no circumstances which would help religion being used as an instrument of empire building, or being propagated with the methods of violence which were employed by certain sections of the human race.

The forces that control political action and State policies in these modern times are more economic and industrial than religious. Although a part of the offensive or

the destructive side of religion, namely bigotry and persecution is dying a natural death in these times owing to the domination of other forces in life, it cannot be said that very healthy minded thinking is growing and progressing among the human race. It cannot be said that which is the only indestructible, the only rational, and sustaining side of religion is sufficiently emphasised in the deliberations that take place on matters of religion, although I am free to confess that there is some progress in this line and I am not inclined to despond for the future. I am afraid that even the most highly cultured sections of the community are in the grip of authoritarianism, and the Church or the Samaj or some other agency arrogates to itself the place of the keeper of our consciences and our spiritual pathfinder. The religions we are born in exercise a strange and subtle spell over us, and we do not get the point of view necessary for entering in a spirit of identification, into the religious experiences that have been recorded in other sister faiths.

On this question of a cordiality of spirit and understanding amongst the great religions, I am apprehensive of an attitude of mind in which we want to take up what we consider to be the best in all the religions and create an eclectic faith. This has its own great uses; but I am very hopeful of real good coming to us if we could get to that state of mind with which Ramakrishna accepted all the religions of the world as true. He accepted them with his heart, with his whole being. When we go to religion merely as a culture-bringer to us, even eclecticism may be very helpful. Bnt when we are so intensely dissatisfied with ourselves and a divine passion takes possession of us and works us up to tear off every veil that keeps away the truth from us, no milk and water eclecticism will answer the end. We want a heart-whole acceptance of the core of every religion and no tinkering solutions will do. I know for most of us this is a mere counsel of perfection, and a far higher order of character must be evolved by us to touch the core of truth in every religion. And this ideal of development in Religion refuses to yield its best results to us if we merely created a Samajam for it, if we built up an

institution for it, but did not take as good care of the men that form the institution.

In a time in which everything great and small expresses itself through the power of organization, I do not expect to be listened to with patience, when I say that whatever is vital and deeply sustaining in religion, comes out not through organisation but through individual effort. The religious Samaja may be helpful up to a point. But the very weight of the organisation will pull down the upward striving soul, and for the sake of the untramelled freedom of his spirit, he will leave the organisation and stand in his own strength. There is a great possibility of the organisation narrowing one's vision, and the bane of onesidedness may afflict the members of the organisation. As between a congregational prayer and an individual prayer, the strength of the latter is much greater.

There is a place for organisation in Religion. The highest form of organisation in it is where humanitarian activity is directed along fruitful channels. Service to one's fellowmen in well-organised society may often take shape as organised activity and the spirit of religion may enter into it. One of the most uplifiting ideas on the service of one's fellowmen we owe to religion is that the giver is to kneel down and give thanks and that the receiver is to stand up and permit. This self education eradicates conceit from us and gives us the consciousness of our being only instruments of a great cause or principle. Great spiritual personalities have again founded the religious Sangha or brotherhood to keep together kindred spirits by a common aspiration and in the lives of the members of the Sangha the truth becomes demonstrated and through them it spreads to the world. In the East I recall the great Buddhistic organisations that sprung up under the great personal magnetising influence of the Buddha and under the fostering care of Asoka, and in the West my affectionate thoughts turn to the Franciscan organisation founded by St. Francis of Assissi, a saint very dear to my heart and second only to the Christ. The force which connected the

strength of the Sangha in these cases was love which welled up from the heart and fertilised the world around.

I am not insensible of the great good done to the world by such religious organisation, and of the gain and ascendancy in spirit that it has contributed to. But I want to assess the true value and worth of those isolated lives of saintliness that adorn the pages of history, and have come into fruition in every religion. A very busy world that takes note only of the activities of the great men whose names are constantly in the public mind is apt to ignore these obscure men. But their evolution has as great lessons for us as that of the great epoch makers. About a generation ago, there lived one such in Hindustan. He was a sweet and loveable man. He could not react in the form of hatred or anger. He once overtook a thief who had stolen into his hermitage to carry away some brass utensils by running after him and begged his pardon for not giving earlier the vessels which he said belonged to the thief, and by such act of grace so deeply moved the thief's heart, that he became penitent and himself grew saintly upon this unforgettable experience.

For religion to perform its truest office in the world, the idea that the truths it propounds are revelations for our acceptance must be given up. It is much more rational to take the view that they are accessible to us and could be experienced by us. The true position then is that we are saved from ignorance or other weakening conditions, not by the creeds we believe in, but by the spirit—sustaining experiences our minds go through. One of the highest expressions of the religious consciousness that I have delighted to dwell upon is that monism which Indian philosophical thought in the very earliest ages upheld as the very quintessence of spiritual experience. Here forms are entirely broken up, and even personalised abstractions of truth and God are transcended, and we rise to a concept of an impersonal principle, untimed, uncircumstanced and uncaused. The challenge of this concept to the human spirit is downright; Man is put a great deal more on his responsibility. He is reminded that nothing so binds a

man as what he has contributed to by his own mind. It has no Heaven and no Hell; it does not get vexed with thoughts of fate and freewill, and the aboriginal sin of mankind. It upholds the view that the Being, man, is impersonal principle; but mysteriously, it has become covered up with some false perceptions.

In this concept of the ultimate the element of the supernatural is kept considerably in the background; credarianism is transcended and thought is presented to us in its purely universal elements. And all national and other limitations disappear under it. To men with a strong rational bent of mind, who want to go to the rock-bottom of things, this expression of the religious genius has a truer and a more welcome appeal; in future times, we should be producing a larger number of these men, and they should be coming up in all countries, and this impersonal understanding of religious matters ought to have a much greater chance amongst them, just as some form of genuine socialism is rapidly rising into power and influence in the world.

As an ethical system, I humbly take the view that the thoughts and concepts that have been systematised by the Buddha are remarkably expressive of the spirit of humanity and point to unforgiving rectitude of character, and they come charged with that unique force of love and compassion which radiated from Buddha's life. But the highest conceptions of ethical rectitude are present in all the great religions; only the emphasis in Buddha's teaching is much greater, because on the metaphysical side, it is not so full.

Will there be a decay of the religious spirit, if all the great religions of the world are scrapped by legislation or otherwise, and if all the sacred books of the world are devoured by incendiarism? My answer is an emphatic no, because men will go again to nature, and read again the facts of life. That inner hunger after a righteousness which the human heart has dearly cherished through ages, will rise again, and a few men will bear witness to it, and there will be a growth of religion again in the world.

In the sense of heart-cleansing, illuminating the mind with pure knowledge, of a courage to do the right thing, of an insight into life which should help us to be wise without being clever, Religion is much needed to-day as it was in any other period of human history. In the sense of a bundle of beliefs which refuse to be analysed, of bigotry from belief and dogma and passion and prejudice, Religion should go, and the need for its disappearance the present world believes in even more strongly than in any previous period of human history.

The goal of religious seeking is freedom, from the bonds of the flesh, from intolerance, from passion and prejudice, and from everything that weakens and paralyses us. The contents of the Religious experience contain the very highest elements in human intelligence and character. Peace and tranquillity, love that unites and identifies the lover with the beloved, purity that burns up every low passion in the heart, courage that faces crises without quailing and without failing in love to mankind, untiring research and investigation into the reality underlying life, compassion that holds life ever at the service of one's fellows, understanding that looks at the facts of life wholly and comprehensively, conscience that will not hush-hush with low accomodations, and a perception of the beautiful through goodness and truth are amongst the gains that await mankind in religious seeking. I say Godspeed to all engaged in this great adventure, and May their efforts be crowned with success.

An Earth-Bound Primate

By THE Rev. F. H. ALDHOUSE, M. A.

Lives are the ripples on a stream
Sparks from the central fire, agleam,
The dreaming visions of a Dream.
But this the ruling fates decree
Alive—or dead, we dree our dree
None will escape his destiny.

Madrigal, 17th Century.

DR. BELEEK, the organist at St. Paladius, was speaking to his pupil who was about to become his deputy. " Sometimes, my dear Miss Birdie, an old retired Prelate wanders into the Lady Chapel ; he prays at the altar and walks about. He may come over to the organ, just don't notice him. He'll slip away so quietly he'll seem to vanish if you pay no heed and go on playing. You'll not mind, will you ?" Miss Birdie Mae O'Sullivan, who was an athlete and very modern maiden, giggled " He won't make love to me Dr. ?" she tittered " Lord ! no " the organist said.

A very startled girl was Miss B. M. O'S. She was talking to the head-verger. " A horrid old man in a purple cassock and a bag-wig was in the Lady Chapel. Who is he ? Is he dotty or what ? Do you know about him ?" she asked. " He seemed to come out of the air and go back there ; he stared at me, it was horrid, just horrid ", she said. The head verger hesitated, he was evidently considering in the wisdom of his seventy years for a suitable reply. " Ah sure, don't mind him now ", he replied, " he's a harmless ould gintleman. He was an Archbishop years ago, an' does be comin' round at times, just ramblin' about like, don't heed him Miss". "But I do not like him, there's something quite uncanny about his big black eyes in such an old face. And what on earth does he wear a wig for?" The verger grinned. " To keep his head warm, Miss, I expect. Or because he's ould fashioned in his tastes.

Maybe ye'll not see him again" he added. "I hope not", Miss O'Sullivan said.

Miss Birdie Mae O'Sullivan was in Fenn's library, beside the cathedral, copying out some madrigals from a seventeenth century music collection. The library was empty and, being an enthusiastic musician, she sang one of them as she wrote it down:—

"We are not beings as we seem
We are a breath, a passing gleam
A dream that is within a dream".

A very courteous and dignified voice spoke to her. "Young mistress, you could be of great help to us. A service we would ask of thee. Wilt thou help an old and much worried Prelate?" Birdie for a moment was paralyzed at the suddenness of all this. But she was a Rector's daughter, and she was being spoken to by an Archbishop, his double pectoral cross showed that. She rose and curtsied. "I am at your Grace's service" she said "what can I have the honour of doing for you?" "I have lost a paper" the Archbishop said. "It is, I am confident, in one of those books. Alas! that ever I did take it. Our memory is not good, young mistress. One who had the right to our spiritual help was afflicted with vertigo. He wished the benefit of absolution but could give no connected tale of his sins, so he wrote them and we took them hither to study. He was in the chapel without. awaiting us, when suddenly madness came upon him. On hearing his cries we ran out and removed him to his home. And lo and behold! the paper of his privacy was gone. We have searched and searched in vain. Tell the librarian to look in these volumes, and if he finds such a paper, to burn it instantly unread, unread!." "Of course, I will tell him, your Grace", the girl answered. "When did this happen? and would he not mind a word from yourself more than mine?" "O it was years ago, O scores and scores of years, and the book-man here is not sensitive as thou art, child, for thy love of music hath helped to make thee so—" "Why, why, is your Grace a—" the girl whispered. "Aye, a spirit, as thou art child, but one who doth not wear a body".

The librarian said later "Yes, the paper was found and placed in an envelope and sealed by me. It was pushed up between a cover and the binding of a book. I saw it was in the writing of the great Dean, Dr. Jehonadab Swallow. Seeing its nature I did not read it and I did not like to destroy it. But now I will burn it in the library in your presence. You know Dr. Swallow had sought the other Archbishop's Dr. King's spiritual help but not 'sub sigello' (under the seal of confession). What he said is not known but he was seen rushing away with every mark of distress and horror by the Archbishop's chaplain. In explanation the Prelate said "there goes the most unhappy man in the world, but you must never ask me the reason". Later when his memory became very bad, and the vertigo and megrim he suffered from made him almost incoherent, what you have heard of happened".

The Canon did as he promised and the girl heard a whisper, so low it seemed within her own mind, "Thank God one of the two chains that have bound me is broken. My child, thou hast an old man's and a Primate's blessing".

Concentration and Meditation

By SWAMI SIVANANDA

IF the pot which is placed in a dark room which contains a lamp inside is broken, the darkness of the room is dispelled and you see light everywhere in the room. Even so if the body-pot is broken through constant meditation on the Self i. e. if you destroy Avidya and its effect viz. *deha-adhyasa* or identification of the body and rise above body-consciousness you will cognise the supreme light of Atma everywhere.

Just as the water in the pot that is placed in the ocean becomes one with the waters of the ocean when the pot is broken, so also when the body-pot is broken by meditation on the Atma the individual soul becomes identical with the supreme Self.

Just as the student creates interest in his study of mathematics or geometry although it is disgusting in the beginning by thinking of the advantages that he will gain by passing the examination, so also you will have to create interest in the meditation by thinking on the incalculable benefits that will be derived by its constant practice viz., Immortality, Supreme Peace and Infinite Bliss.

A man who has not seen Swami Krishnashram who is living at Gangotri hears all about the personality and attributes of that Swami from a man who actually has seen him and who knows him fully well and then tries to visualise a mental picture of him. Even so the aspirant should hear all about the invisible, hidden Brahman from the Sages who have attained Self-realisation and then meditate on the Atma or the Self.

Just as the light is burning within the hurricane lamp, so also the Divine flame is burning from time immemorial in the lamp of your heart. Close your eyes, merge yourself within in the Divine flame. Plunge deep in the chambers of your heart. Meditate on this Divine flame and become a flame of God.

If the wick within the lamp is very small, the light also will be small. If the wick is very big, the light also will be powerful. Similarly, if the Jiva is pure, if he practices meditation the manifestation or expression of the self will be powerful. He will radiate a big light. If he is unregenerate and impure, he will be like a burnt-up charcoal. The greater the wick, the greater the light. Likewise, the purer the soul, the greater the expression.

If the magnet is very powerful it will influence the iron filings even when they are placed at a long distance. Even so if the Yogi is an advanced person, he will have great influence over the persons with whom he comes in contact. He can exert his influence on persons even when they live in a distant place.

When you study a book with profound interest you do not hear when a man shouts and calls you by your name. You do not see a person when he stands in front of you. You do not smell the sweet fragrance of flowers that are placed in a table by your side. This is concentration or one-pointedness of mind. The mind is fixed firmly on one thing. You must have such a deep concentration when you think of God or the Atma. It is easy to concentrate the mind on a worldly object, because the mind takes interest in it naturally through force of habit. The sensual grooves are already cut in the brain. You will have to train the mind gradually by daily practice of concentration by fixing it again and again on the picture of God or the Self within. The mind will not move now to external objects, as it experiences immense joy from the practice of concentration.

Some Western psychologists say: "The mind that wanders aimlessly can be made to move in a small limited circle only by practice of concentration. It cannot be fixed on one point only—If it is fixed in a point inhibition of the mind takes place. There is death for the mind. Nothing can be achieved when there is inhibition of the mind. So there is no use in inhibiting the mind. This is not right. Complete control of the mind can be attained when all the thought waves are extirpated thoroughly. The Yogi works

wonders with the help of the one-pointed mind. He knows the hidden treasures of the soul with the help of the mighty searchlight generated by the one-pointed mind. After *ekagrata* or one-pointedness is attained, one has to achieve full restraint or *nirodha.* In this state all modifications subside completely. So mind becomes blank. Then the Yogi destroys this blank *vritti* also and then identifies himself with the supreme Purusha, from whom the mind borrows its light. Then he obtains omniscience, and attains Kaivalya or Independence. These matters are unknown to Western psychologists. Hence they grope in darkness. They have no idea of the Purusha who witnesses the activities of the mind.

There is neither rhythm nor harmony in the breathing of worldly minded persons, because their minds are filled with desires. A Yogi practises regulation of breath and established harmony. When the breath is regulated, when there is harmony the breath will be moving within the nostrils. The fruit of regulation of breath is Kumbhak or retention of breath. The breath stops by itself. Kevala Kumbhak follows. Mind becomes quite steady and Samadhi supervenes. Regulation of breath and Kumbhak are of great help in the practice of concentration and meditation.

The practice of concentration and the practice of Pranayama are inter-dependent. If you practice *pranayama* you will get concentration. Natural pranayama follows the practice of concentration. A Hatha Yogi practises *pranayama* and then controls the mind. He rises from below upwards. A Raja Yogi practises concentration and thus controls his prana. He comes from above downwards. They both meet on a common platform in the end. There are different practices according to different temperaments. For some the practice of Pranayama will be easy to start with ; for others the practice of concentration will be easy to begin with.

Fourth Dimensional Vistas in Roerich's Art

BY IVAN NARODNY. *

WHEN I was a young boy, my mother told me tales of the wonder-working holy pictures by emphasizing that all the icons in the churches and in the homes had the magic power of influencing the worshippers. Not far from our home was a simple country church with a number of icons, among which one, the image of St. Nicholas, was said to be a wonder-working holy picture before which the worshippers knelt, prayed and lit the candles.

"But how about the other beautiful paintings?" I asked my mother. "How about the pictures of 'A Moonlight Night' by Kuindji or 'The Idyll' by Bruiloff, of which we had excellent copies?"

"Not every work of art has the magic of miracles," commented my mother. "There is a sacred and a secular art".

This was great news to me and I began to brood about the magic of art. I wondered what it was. I looked at the beautiful pictures in the museum and I looked at the so-called sacred paintings, which were less beautiful, but weird.

In order to see the miracle-working power of the sacred painting, particularly of the St. Nicholas icon in our village church, I decided to test the secret magic by praying for hours for a new suit of clothes and a watch. I left the church and waited for the miracle; but nothing happened.

I then decided to test the icon with another appeal. I took from the nest of a pigeon a freshly laid egg, carried it in my hand into the church—at a time when nobody was there—and knelt before the icon of St. Nicholas, praying

---

* Ivan Narodny is renowned for his fine art criticism as well as his extensive writings in diverse fields.

for a miracle of a live pigeon to fly out of the egg. I prayed for hours, in fact the whole night, and no pigeon flew out of the egg. Nothing whatever happened after my numerous tests with the wonder-working icon, and I realized the stories that my mother had told me of its magic was nothing but an allegory of a fairy tale.

Years went by.

I grew to young manhood and still beheld many people praying before the wonder-working St. Nicholas, fully believing in its miraculous powers. By this time I had become an agnostic and like all the rest of our sophisticated educated youth, energy and matter, tangibility and scientific theory meant everything to me.

In those years an idea came to me, to get even with the superstitious tales of the church, which had "fooled" me and continued to "fool" the worshippers, as I thought. And I decided to play a trick, by exchanging the icon of St. Nicholas for a reproduction of Rembrandt's famous "Prodigal Son", and other icons for some beautiful paintings of well-known masters, so that the church could have real works of art.

About a week or so after, a police officer called on me and arrested me for what was termed "desecration of the church" and I was placed in jail. According to Russian law, this was a terrible crime, and I faced banishment to a monastery prison for years or exile to Siberia.

To be regarded as such a terrible criminal for exchanging the works of art more for fun than anything else—was a shock to me. And for a long time I could not get over my accusing conscience: "Man, you are a criminal".

After having spent months in jail for no other reason than that of trying to prove the fraud of miracle-working icons, I began to consider the term 'criminal' as meaning something *socially failed* but *individually heroic*, and thus from an agnostic I became an intellectual anarchist like Bakunin, Kropotkin in fact any philosophical anarchist of today. I did not believe in any miracles, nor in any pictorial magic.

Years and years passed.

I had been living already for years in America—in fact, I considered myself a rooted New Yorker—when something happened that upset my agnosticism and intellectual anarchism.

It was shortly after the end of the World War—in 1921—When I had grown disgusted of all idealism, all worthy aspirations in life. In fact I was a cynic of the worst kind, on the verge of a mental and physical breakdown.

Mr. Hunt Diederich came to me in one of the gloomiest moments of the time and dragged me along to see a "new Russian artist arrived from England" and his exhibition shortly to open at the Kingore Gallery in New York.

It was the exhibition of the works of art of Professor Nicholas Roerich. His canvases were just hung on the walls and I was alone with Hunt Diederich looking at them like one dazed after a heavy illness. The longer I looked on them the more I felt relieved of the uncanny pressure on my heart.

I had heard of Professor Roerich's art faintly and had seen some of the reproductions of his dramatic settings, but I beheld his works in a systematic array for the first time. Here were his "Old Pskoff", so familiar to me from my youth in reality, his "White Monastery", his "Sadko" sets, etc. I began to feel the magic of their "aesthetic rhythm", the metaphysical tones of their designs and color harmonies and I felt like a new ray of light was falling on my disillusioned soul; I had actually sunk into moments of silent devotion or prayer.

When after an hour's quiet rejoicing over the new impressions, I left the Kingore Gallery, I felt that something strange had happened to me—I was a changed man. From a depressing melancholy and cynicism of life I had been transformed by the sight of the canvases of Nicholas Roerich into an aesthetic optimist, a believer in the mystic powers of beauty.

After I had left Roerich's exhibition I began to realize that the pictorial magic, of which my mother had spoken

to me, actually existed—and here it was. A miracle had been performed within my soul—my conscious state of mind. The Roerich pictures had healed me from a serious oppression. It was the inner nature of his pictorial magic —that metaphysical quality of art, which had been attributed to the iconographic art of the past. It is something elusive and intuitional, which neither technical terms nor academic arguments can explain. Thus I found – after 30 or more years – that there is a transcendental basis to the legends and mass beliefs of the miracle-working art, which I have found most outspoken in the creations of Professor Nicholas Roerich.

During my last visit to Moscow, I had occasion to find my views corroborated in a little country church beyond the Esthonian boundary. As the train on which I travelled from Esthonia was held up for an hour by repairs of the road, I walked to a nearby village church, where the people were gathering. To my surprise I found that an exhibition of art and handicraft was being held in the church and I was told it was the new Living Church of Russia. On the exhibition table among other things of art I noticed two reproductions of the paintings of Nicholas Roerich, taking the place of the icons on the altar.

"There is something sacred about these pictures" commented the priest.

I smiled and told to the priest the story of my experience with the "sacred art" in my early youth.

There is something "sacred" with the art of Professor Roerich – an emanation that only those can feel who have the power of an "inner sight".

Having seen the paintings of Professor Roerich in America, which dated mostly from the time of the World War, I looked at him as an epic colourist—a Beethoven and Moussorgsky combined. But my trip to Moscow revealed to me a totally new master—Roerich as a lyricist and classic romanticist. While visiting Moscow, I called on Alexis Victorovitch Stchussev, the director of the Tretiakov Gallery and head of many other museums and

art institutions, and he invited me to visit him at his office in order to show me personally the new arrangements of this towering aesthetic temple of a New Universe. I called at the appointed time at the Tretiakov Gallery, but Mr. Stchussev had not yet arrived. He had left a message with his curator that he let me see the rooms alone until his return from his unexpected official engagement.

It was late afternoon of a rather delightful summer day. I entered the famous institution with the feeling of a humble pilgrim. Its atmosphere was overwhelming and elevating. I found myself not in a conventional museum but in a solemn temple of the Russian genius.

Walking slowly through the silent halls hung with the best pictorial masters of Russia I beheld canvases by Surikov, Vrubel and their contemporaries, when suddenly I dashed into a room in which an entire wall was devoted to the paintings of Professor Roerich. The late afternoon sun was playing on them as on pieces of another world, and I stopped, looking at them in delight. It was all so sudden that I felt as though an old friend had unexpectedly loomed up from behind the corner and were reaching me his hand for greeting.

The pictures of Professor Roerich that I beheld in the Tretiakov Gallery were new to me. There was his "Messenger", "The Battle", "The Polovetsky Camp" "Building a City", "Red Sails" and another one. As I continued looking at them I exclaimed unconsciously: "Is it possible?"

In so far I had known Roerich as an epic artist; but here he was a romantic lyrist, with his mellow earthly greens and pinks, his naturalistic atmosphere and background. In these there were touches of poetic realism, or rather, of symbolic impressionism. I began to gaze at them as on some new elements of his creative genius and to imagine Roerich when he painted them. The museum was so solemnly silent and the atmosphere was so poetic that I stood like one transfixed.

While gazing thus contemplatively on the canvas of the "Polovetsky Camp" I began to hear soft tones of Borodin's "Polovetsky Dance", from his opera "Prince Igor", and while focussing my eyes on the " Messenger " I began to hear Schubert's " Erlkoenig ", played by a marvellous aeolian orchestra somewhere in the distance. Thus the pictorial images of Roerich the lyrist had been transformed into auditory images of Roerich the romanticist.

I was standing for several minutes before Roerich's paintings and listening to a " music " which my mind had created. I stood like one in a trance and forgot that I was in a museum, as I imagined myself in a hall where pictures suddenly became records of new, unknown sounds. I became so oblivious of all my surroundings in this pose that I did not hear when the secretary of Mr. Stchussev entered, saying : " You are looking at Professor Roerich's paintings —aren't they beautiful ?"

" I am not looking at them. I am listening to them ", I stammered as one awakened from a dream.

" That was the view of Scriabine " continued the secretary, and he began to tell me of the new arrangement of the Gallery.

Although I had always felt that Roerich's art had definite phonetic features, it had never been impressed on my mind so clearly as now. I had looked upon Roerich's paintings of the Russian character as strange, transcendental " musical " scores, an impression which was intensified by seeing his Himalayan series. There was always something of a Beethoven or a Moussorgsky in his canvases. His abstract blues and reds, his luminous yellows and purples were always suggestive of " tones " and " harmonic " phrases. In their messages there was something transcendental that should not only be seen, but also heard.

But never had I felt the phonetic feature of Roerich's art so distinctly as I did in seeing his early works in the Tretiakov Gallery. I spoke of this later to Reinhold Gliere, the distinguished Russian composer, and he admitted that

he actually could see music visualized and that consequently in the same way paintings could be heard.

My view of the phonetic nature of painting in the case of the works of Professor Roerich was fully confirmed by seeing his latest Mongolian series, now exhibited in the Roerich Museum in New York. But Roerich in his latest creations is no longer a lyrist as he is in his paintings in the Tretiakov Gallery or in the Russian National Museum. The master has grown even more epic than he was a few years ago in his Himalayan series. His Mongolian series bespeak a far more intensified rhythm than his earlier ones.

Though I had no opportunity to look at Roerich's latest Mongolian series, in such quiet and meditation as I did at his early works, yet I felt that his "Guardian of the Entrance", "Great Rider", "Commands of the Teacher" and "The Command of Rigden Djapo" emanate tone-poems of purely Mongolian order. In these you find the sounds of exotic lamasery instruments and bells, drums and pipes unknown to our occidental orchestras, Their glowing colours radiate sounds of an eastern scale : the langorous songs of the Gobi Desert sound in the secluded lama series. How epic is the song of "The Tibetan Women" or "A Lama"! Almost you hear their strange unintelligible words!

Roerich in his latest epics of the Gobi has revealed to us the music of a Fata Morgana of the Great Desert. The upward rising mountain tops in their glowing reds, blues, or whatever the chromatic motif may be, are suggestive of contrapuntal strokes, aeolian instruments and abstract tones. His phantom beings are there not only to be seen but alse to be heard. His subject matter and background, his detail and the work as a whole have not only a pictorial but just as well a phonetic meaning. Look at Roerich's paintings with the inner eye and compare the symbolic scale of his backgrounds with his figures, the sky-line with the tones of his earth, and you will begin to realize the miracle—the transformation of the ocular perceptions into the auditory ones!

Tales from Rajput History

BY V. RANGACHARYA, M. A.

I

RANA Sangrama Singh was dead (A. D. 1530). The hero whose life was a world-known and glorious book was no more. As Tod observes, "He exhibited at his death but the fragments of a warrior; one eye was lost in the broil with his brother; an arm in an action with the Lodi king of Delhi, and he was a cripple owing to a limb being broken by a cannon-ball in another; while he counted eighty wounds, from sword or lance, on various parts of his body." People remembered his daring skill in capturing King Muzaffur of Malwa in his own capital. They repeated his exploit in the defence of the fort of Ranthambor against odds; and the feeling was universal that Mewar would be absolutely at sea if a worthy successor was not on the Chitor throne.

Fortunately, Ratna Singh, the third and eldest of the five surviving sons of Sanga, came to the throne. He did not lack 'the arrogance and martial virtue of his race.' Like his father he basked in a glow of universal praise. He planned his life according to his father's design; and he "commanded that the gates of Cheetore never should be closed, boasting that its portals were Delhi and Mandoo."

But Providence ordained otherwise. Years before, Ratna had married in secret the daughter of Prithvi Raj of Amber; and when he became king he forgot or carried too much pride in his head to claim the bride he had wedded with the sword for his proxy. Things got immediately into a mess; for, the lady, insulted and tormented by the indifference, resolved to be a tigress whose clutches were too hard to be rescued from. All sweetness was squeezed from her nature. She would prove that she could both allow kisses and order hostilities. She was not a vulgar syren to be wooed and deserted at will! Dropping all allegiance to the forces of custom, she listened eagerly to

the proposal of Surajmal, the prince of Bundi, who was of course ignorant of the secret marriage, and entered his palace in triumph.

Never was the action of Helen attended with more serious consequences. When Ratna Singh heard of the wedding, there descended a black scowl on his brow. Conveniently forgetting that he himself had neglected to do his duty, and honestly publish his suit with the lady, he resolved to chastise the prince who had snatched away the bride of his youthful dreams. Ratna Singh had never been a model of suave speech and diplomatic manner. He had been a soldier, pure and simple. He had received the sensitive education of the battlefield. He could not now brook the violence to his respectability. How could he hold up his head among his fellow-kings ? The lines in his face deepened, his eyes became hard, and his voice severe. He ran the gauntlet of the scowl of Surajmal, and asked him to answer for his conduct with his life.

There was every reason for calmness and consideration. The house of Bundi was descended from the same ancestor. In many a field its princes had stood loyally by Mewar and poured their blood for its honour. Sturdy like their mountainous homes, the Haras had been uniformly submissive to their feudal loyalty. And besides the tradition of friendship there were other things which might have softened the situation. The lady had after all been wedded by the sword for proxy. Her suit had not been pressed by the Rana even after years of his accession. And after all Surajmal did not know ! He was not intentionally a thief of another man's bride. Above all, Ratna Singh was his own brother-in-law, the husband of his sister, and there was nothing to put up a fight about. Bound by so many ties he was hardly the man to nurse malice in his actions.

But a short temper was the curse of Ratna Singh. Giving way to violent emotion he refused to think out the position in all its bearings. He refused to wrap the cloak of cowardice around himself because of the past and the present relationships; and he challenged his wife's brother !

Surajmal, in his turn, was deeply wounded by the tone of the dictator in the Rana. The insult put a burnish on his armour ; and he gave the only answer which honour pointed to. The business might have become a torment ; but he would not interfere into the spokes of the wheel of fate.

Thus it was that another of those unnatural and suicidal engagements of which Rajput history is so full, took place. The spring hunt of *Ahairia* gave the opportunity for the two to meet, and both Ghelot and Haran dyed the earth with their precious blood. A tribute to the unlimited sense of honour and name, but not to sanity or humanity ! And this at a time when the flames of hell, set ablaze by the Mughal and Afghan, were scorching and burning the sacred soil of India, and when every drop of the warriors' blood was needed to defend and save it.

II

The chief of Pugal, Raningdeva, had the gallant Sadu for his son. Throughout the desert State of Jaisalmir there was no more gallant youth than this son of the desert chiefdom. The lust for battle was in his blood, and he became a terror to the convoys of that space of level sand which stretched from the Indus to many miles to the east and south. No venture did Sadu shrink from, and his fame spread to all the neighbouring courts and lands. It happened that once, when he was returning from a big stunt, Sadu 'passed by Aureent, where dwelt Manik Rao, the chief of the Mohils, whose rule extended over 1440 villages'. Invited to the place, Sadu reached it ; and no sooner did the tumult of his arrival subside than he found himself the hero of a romance. Korum Devi, the young daughter of Manik Rao, had been already betrothed to Irrinkowal, the heir of the Rahtor State of Mundore. But the sight of Sadu made her lose her heart to him, and she importuned her father to sanction the union with his blessing. Manik Rao pointed out to his daughter the danger of provoking the anger of the Rahtor chief, who was much more powerful than the Bhatti chief of Pugal, and unbosomed himself of his presentiment of a tragedy ; but Korum Devi refused to sense any terror. A smile of self-confidence came from

her deep eyes, and she preferred to share dangers with her lover to a life of comparative safety with one for whom she did not care a scrap. Manik Rao had to yield to her stubborn heart, and celebrated the union with his benediction.

Such a situation was hardly likely to be forgotten by either of the concerned parties in Rajputana. Irinkowal of Mundore, in particular, was not willing to drop the incident into the well of forgetfulness. He drew a long breath of hate, and vowed to live for vengeance, to thrash his rival within an inch of his life. He would show to Korum Devi that, far from winning the prize of love she had coveted, she had invited, by her conduct, the pastime of the devil.

Both parties were soon enthralled by the call of the war song. With 4000 Rahtors, Irinkowal intercepted Sadu's homeward journey with his newly-wedded bride. On the side of the assailant ranged the fierce Sankla Megraj, a smaller fish in the bigger meshes of the Rajput vendetta. Years back, his son had been done to death by Sadu ; and now he sought the opportunity to shed blood for blood. As for Sadu, he was not terrified by odds. He knew that the moment he had touched Korum Devi's heart a danger hung menacingly over him. In any case it was too late to have regrets ; and far from expressing a flicker of fear, the depths of his eyes blazed forth into the flame of war to the knife. Refusing all help, he could with difficulty be induced to allow Megraj, the bride's brother, to join his small band of 50 men to his own 700 Bhattis. A life lost on so good a cause was not too dear a loss.

At Chondun on the way to Pugal the rival parties met ; and once more a drama, like which Rajput history is but too full, was played out. Each side beat the other in chivalry. Refusing to take the advantage of numbers the Rahtor insisted on judging the contest by single combats. A kinsman of Sadu, Jayatunga, of the Pahoo clan, was first challenged. The message of challenge reached him while in a doze on the saddle of his *Panchakalyan* horse. He took it up readily. He asked for some opium, his own

stock of which was exhausted, from the enemy ; and after a little *siesta* which he had after he got the reinforcement from the other side, announced his readiness to have a go with his sword. His opponent was Joda Chauhan, a gallant knight ; and the first blood was spilt when the latter fell.

Then followed a series of single engagements, each side looking at the combatants of the moment with eager expectations. The turn at last came for the main chiefs themselves. Sadu and Irinkowal met. The former lost 300 of his ranks, but heaped a loss of 600 on his adversary. Korum Devi, all along a spectator of her lord's feat of arms, inflamed him by the words of love and fire associated with the Rajput lady. " Fight, fight to the bitter end ," she said ; " If a victor, all glory to you and happiness to myself ; if a victim, I would follow as a faithful companion should ." The last clash of arms then took place. Each steel was worthy of the other, and each fell struck by the other ; but, as fate would have it, Sadu to rise no more, while his rival had a mere swoon.

Korum Devi saw the end with unflinching resignation. It was God's will that she should sacrifice everything at the altar of love. She bowed to the inevitable. Her beautiful face, a radiant vision of youth and charms, took the lines of contentment ! Life had been too swift for her. She had hardly passed from the virgin to the wife ; and now she passed from the wife to the widow ! Unfathomable unhappiness was depicted on her countenance. That one dream of happiness which she had hoped to make of life as the partner of her lord was shattered by the hard stroke of fate. But she would deceive fate. She would settle the heavy score against it in the only way in which the Rajput bride would do. She would cast off the load placed on her young shoulders by following her husband ! " Calling for a sword, with one arm she dissevered the other, desiring it might be conveyed to the father of her lord,—' tell him such was his daughter.' The other she commanded to be struck off, and given, with her marriage jewels thereon, to the bard of the Mohils. The pile was prepared on the

field of battle; and taking her lord in her embrace, she gave herself up to the devouring flames. The dissevered limbs were disposed of as commanded; the old Rao of Poogul caused the one to be burnt, and a tank was excavated on the spot, which is still called after the heroine, *the lake of Korumdevi.*"

The aftermath of the battle was equally tragical. The Sankla clan which had placed 350 men in the brunt of the engagement, was practically exterminated; and the wounded Megraj left the field with his body poxed with wounds and with a bare following of 25 men. Irinkowal had four of his brothers hurt; his own wounds opened afresh after six months, and he paid the sacrifice. Costly indeed was the revenge he took for retrieving his shame, and the price included his own life!

And yet the tragedy was not sufficient to bring about a relapse of the parties to sobriety. The fathers of the lovers took up the quarrel of their sons; and the forces of Raningdeva and Chonda were for many a month at each other's heel causing slaughter and misery. Raningdeva of Pugal carried destruction into the lands of the Sankla Megraj, and moistened the sandhills of Loone, as Tod says, with the blood of 300 of his kin and clan. The Chonda of Mundore was equally determined, and sheathed his sword only after passing it through the heart of Raningdeva. Two sons of Raning did not hesitate to commit apostasy for the sake of avenging their father. Going to Sultan Khizr Khan (1414-21) who was then come to Multan they turned Muslims, obtained a force of Tatars, and attacked the town of Nagore which Chonda had recently acquired. Just at this stage Prince Keelun, the third son of the Raja of Jaisalmir, advised the assailants to add strategem to violence. The Bhatti princess was thereupon offered in marriage to the Rahtor Chonda, and a covered nuptial *cortege* of fifty chariots poured a set of stout warriors instead of the handsome bride and bridesmaids before the walls of Nagore. Chonda was taken unawares and slain, and Nagore was in the hands of the apostate brothers of Pugal.

The combatants were by this time in a mood to shake hands. Each side had vindicated its honour, and there was no need for shedding more blood. Peace was concluded. Nagore was handed back to the Rahtor, Pugal was taken over by the sovereign power of Jaisalmir, and the apostate princes settled as the ancestors of the caste of Muslim Bhattis. The peace was cemented by a combined attack on the Tatars who had been brought into the scene, and friend and foe found consolation in common triumph against the followers of Islam.

Stolen Smiles

Irish Policeman : Didn't you know you must go round me?

Motorist: Sorry. Didn't know you were there.

Irish Policeman : It's all right. But in future go round me whether I am there or not.

* * *

The club bore had been holding forth as usual, and after discussing politics, golf, income-tax and motor cars, he had worked round to insomnia.

"..................and d'you know, old boy," he said, "I just can't sleep at nights?"

"That's bad," said one of his unwilling audience, stifling a yawn, "but have you ever tried talking to yourself?"

* * *

The Headmaster answered the telephone, and a voice said. "My boy is ill and will not be able to attend school today."

Headmaster: "Oh! I am sorry. Who is speaking?"

Voice:"My father, Sir."

* * *

"Your doctor's out here with a flat tire."

"Diagnose the case as flatulency of the perimeter and charge him accordingly," ordered the garage man. "That's the way he does."

* * *

"Here comes the parade. Where's Aunty?"

"She's upstairs, waving her hair."

"Goodness, can't we afford a flag??

* * *

"Daddy!" exclaimed the little boy.

"One more question, then," sighed the tired father. "Only one."

"How far is it," inquired the tot, "between to and fro?"

* * *

A couple of rival, but friendly, shop-keepers were talking things over. "When does your opening sale close?" asked the first.

"When your closing sale opens," replied the second.

* * *

"Ticket to Luton for the missus, please."

"First or third?"

"Well, she's the second, if you must know."

Book Reviews

Provincial Autonomy—By K. T. Shah. Vora and Co., Publishers, 8 Round Building, Kalbadevi Road, Bombay. Price Rs. 1—8—0.

A Professor of Administration reviewing a book on the new Indian constitution observed that just as the new constitution created a market for Ministers, it also created a market for books on the subject. This certainly cannot be said of the book under review. Prof. K. T. Shah has been known as a virile writer on Indian Economic and Political problems and a book by him, particularly, on a subject like 'Provincial Autonomy under the new constitution', will be welcomed by scholars and statesmen, legislators and laymen.

'Provincial Autonomy' is issued under the auspices of the National Publications Society which has for its Editorial Board, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Acharya Narendra Dev and Prof. K. T. Shah. The book being the first in the series issued by the society it will be well to indicate the general aim of the society. It is set out in the Preface to this book, thus:

"The central and ultimate aim of the society is to strive for a social system in this country which would have all the means of producing, distributing and exchanging material wealth socialised. To accomplish this objective, the society seeks to educate public opinion by means of these monographs so that, if and when the desired goal is reached, it would be reached by peaceful, non-violent means; and would at the same time be more substantial and deep-rooted than social innovations born of revolutions usually are". The organisers of the society hope to publish an analytical, comparative, and critical study of the principal administrative Institutions and other Organisations affecting the public life of this country within not more than four years. In order to educate public opinion regarding the suitability of the social organisation and ideals propounded in the publications of the society, each monograph is intended to be translated into the principal Indian languages.

The monograph under review claims to be an analytical study of the system of Provincial Autonomy said to be introduced by the Act of 1935. It is not a purely academic, nor a juristic study of the new constitution. 'It is an attempt at explaining the mechanism of the new constitution and the hidden springs of its working'.

The book which covers nearly 450 pages is divided into eight chapters. In tracing the evolution of Indian Provinces in the first chapter the author says "The Provinces constituted from time to time lack cultural unity, geographic solidarity or historic continuity. Every one of them owes, as it exists today, its position to considerations of political necessity or administrative expediency." Chapter II gives a general view of 'Provincial Government' under the new constitution while chapters III, IV and V describe the Provincial Executive, the Governor, the Ministry and the Services. The following quotation from page 136 will show that Prof. Shah is not inclined in favour of the Congress Party accepting ministerial offices. He says: "It seems on a consideration of all the relevant factors, that the Congress Party in the several provinces accepting ministerial responsibility, even when it commands an absolute and substantial majority in the Legislature, will, under the constitution as it stands, invite more embarrassment, disappointment and failure for itself, its ideals and programmes, than accomplish any real good in the government of the province, or the welfare of its people." Chapters VI and VII deal with 'Provincial Legislature' and 'Provincial Finance' respectively and the last chapter, Chapter VIII is devoted to a description of 'Judicial Administration.'

The arrangement of matter could have been better but that does not detract from the value of the book. It is critical and learned. The style is vigorous throughout. We have read the book with great profit and look forward to its companion volume on 'Federal Structure.'

Jatadharan and other stories.—By K. S. Venkataramani, Swetaranya Ashrama, Mylapore, Madras. Price Re. 1 as. 8.

Here is a collection of short stories by K. S. Venkataramani, the well-known South Indian literary scholar, whose labours in literature have resulted in the production of a series of books during the last twenty years. The stories collected in this edition were written and published between 1915 and 1925, and before publication in book form, they have been revised by the author.

Most of these stories relate to the India that is changing under British rule, and they are leaves from the lives of a class of modernised Hindus, generally Brahmins, occasionally non-Brahmins who are presented as specimens to the reader, with the events that shape them in social and official life, under the complex circumstances of the present time. The scene of most of these stories is laid in some rural tract of Tanjore, the district with which the author is most familiar, and now and again, the scene may shift for a while to the metropolis of the Presidency.

A trial school often figures in these stories quaintly suggesting one solution of the rural problems of India, as possibly pictured by the author. The Hindu Brahmin husband and wife figure often in these stories, and in most of them, the wife appears as the brain and conscience of the husband, leaving no moment's rest to him and suggesting to him shrewdly the solutions of the grave problems in domestic economy that arise. The pictures of the modernised Hindu Brahmin's home that are presented herein, seem to be overdrawn, and the woman seems to suffer more than the man under the author's portraiture. The narrative of events moves too slow, and it is due to the author's constant pauses to make general reflections of a philosophical nature.

The author's diction belongs to a class of literary form in which it appears best in exposition, next in description and last in narration. I personally value the author's expository productions as the highest works from his pen, and look upon his stories as the least. This is not to say that his stories are not successes. I also feel that with the author's diction, we must associate the idea that words are a power in and for themselves; nevertheless, his words delight with their charm more than they raise with their power.

Sketches of our society appearing in the guise of stories are more difficult for us to do in the English language than for the native of England. A man tells a story best in his own mother-tongue. Most stories written in the English language by Indian scholars must fall behind the stories written by the native Englishman; it is no disparagement to us that we cannot produce as good stories in their language. The excellences of Venkataramani's style consist in his lyricism on account of which his prose makes much music in the ear. But its field is not story telling especially in the present age.

A.

Phaladeepika.—By Mantreswara, in Devanagari: Translation in English by Panditabhushana V. Subramania Sastri, B. A., Assistant Secretary to the Government of Mysore, (Retired.) V. P. Soobiah & Sons, Bangalore, Price Rs. 4—8 only.

This is a work on astrology dealing with the result side of planetary combinations. Sloka 3 in Adhyaya I assumes that with reference to the birth point of time, the Lagna Rasi and its Sputa i. e. the number of degrees and minutes it has traversed in the horizon is calculated and fixed with the aid of yantras and ganita karanas. Similarly the position and sputas of the nine planets. So it does not purport to teach astrological calculations.

That does not, however, detract from the importance of the work as an illuminating guide to the study of astrology in an essential aspect which is its predictive side. Indeed, comparing the palmyra records of individual birth in a Hindu household written shortly after the Jata karma samskara and the slokas in Phala Deepika, it becomes doubtlessly clear to one that the latter is the source of predictive practice which is in vogue in South India.

Adopting one of the standards of Western criticism—comparison and contrast—we may say that Mantreswara was much indebted to his knowledge of astrology to Varahamihira of Brihat Jathaka fame. The Upakrama and Upasamhara slokas and the way in which the students' mind is prepared to receive a complete idea as to how to deal with a life from birth to death with the intermediate stages where there are developments, enjoyment and decay may be quoted as an authority for this proposition, although the arrangement of the Adhyayas does not correspond with the development of a life from the first vikara *Jayate* through all interim vikaras (*Asthi—Vardhate—Viparinamathē—Apaksheeyate*) to death (*Nasyathi*) as in Brihat Jathaka. But the very second sloka in the first Adhyaya says that Phala Deepika is a summary of the works of Atri and Parasara and others; whereas Varahamihira works out a synthesis of various astrological authors who preceded him.

We are not competent to record an answer to the question whether Phala Deepika is an advance on Brihat Jathaka and marks a forward stage in the evolution of astrological discovery and thought. But it is interesting to find herein much light thrown on Rahu and Ketu, on Gulika or Mandi and on the influence of planetary transits—rare features absent in the synthetical work of Varahamihira. Gochara Phala is, of course, transitory; still combined with a standing influence of planets cast at the time of birth it means a great deal and may enable a thinking student to predict even the daily happenings to man.

Astrology is a subject difficult to learn and to teach; more so to remember if the variety of combinations and their results is regarded. Sloka 2 in the first Adhyaya details the graded indebtedness of Manthreswara. That shows the degree of earnestness, the magnitude of effort and the intensity of thought one ought to bestow on the subject in order to master it. Therein is also seen the way in which Hindu culture was transmitted, received and nurtured. Well, we have lost that system of education and we rue the day on which an alien educational system and educational content were superimposed on our minds. The misfit from and the tinsel glamour of the West no longer attracts: there is a re-growth now-a-days, 'from the seed of the race'

which is never scorched. When hoary Sanskrit works which supply the bed-rock of our culture are unearthed, translated and broadcast, we have evidence of and a contribution to this re-growth, although renaissancic efflorescence can be visible only in original works.

Anyhow from the stand-point of contribution, we feel extremely grateful to Pandit Subrahmanya Sastri. He has rendered a very easy translation of the original Sanskrit slokas; given almost a literal word by word meaning strung into a coherent prose order. He has also brought in to aid other original works —such as Jathakabharana Hara-Ratna and Swarachintamani for interpretation, which vouches for the immense pain he has taken in order to make one have a correct and complete idea on the subject. And the subject is tasty,—we wish we had more explanations and a commentary as well, with a less skippy translation we notice in some places.

M. R. N.

Machine Room Hints.—By G. C. Natarajan, Superintendent, Govt. Printing, Central Provinces. Pages 152–Price Rs. 2.

Within the short compass of 150 Pages the author has set forth the varied difficulties the Machine Room assistants are daily experiencing, and from his own wide experience of about 30 years in the trade, he has suggested the remedies to overcome the difficulties. The book is divided into six parts,—General, Machinery, Ink, Rollers, Paper and Miscellaneous—each section of which will be equally interesting both to one already in the trade and the novice. The book really supplies a long felt want in that it gives very concise, but exhaustive notes on practically everything in Printing. The printing and get up of the book leaves nothing to be desired.

An Atlas of Indian History.— by E. W. Green, B. A. (Oxon). Macmillan & Co., Ltd. Price Rs. 2.

This is a work which one likes to look through; and this is saying a good deal with regard to an atlas. After looking through many of the earlier atlases we have often pictured India as a collection of whimsical pieces of land which remain adhering to each other for some time and all on a sudden fall into a different arrangement. But the work under review has been eminently successful, due mainly to the clever system of colouring adopted and the lucid, comprehensive notes under each map to impress on the reader the continuity of history. Another commendable feature noticeable is that India has been depicted in her relative

positions with the other parts of the World, which have gone to influence her history. The Editor has also taken care to bring out the influence of India's physical features on the course of her history. We have no hesitation in saying that the Editor has more than achieved the aim set forth in the Preface—" To indicate the extent and importance of India's external relations and emphasise the fact that India has never been an isolated country but 'a link in a great chain of countries' ". We would very much like to see the book prescribed for School use.

Who's Who in Madras, 1937. By T. M. Satchit, Published by the Pearl Press, Cochin. Price Rs. 5.

The editor and the publishers of this reference book have to be congratulated for the neat get up and printing of the publication. The editor has used great discrimination in his sketches of the personages. But, it cannot be said that all the persons referred to are distinguished, or that the work exhausts the list of distinguished persons in the presidency. It is invidious to cite instances. Nor can it be claimed that all that ought to be said about the distinguised personages or princes have also been said. We will cite but one instance. In the sketch given of H. H. The Maharaja of Travancore, it is stated :—" He is the first ruler of the State to cross the seas which in itself is an index of his progressive spirit." But surprisingly enough no mention is made of the famous Temple Entry Proclamation.

We may also point out that this work has a very limited use. It would have been better if a more comprehensive Directory is undertaken and "Who is Who" is made only a section of the same.

The book also contains fine photographs of several distinguished personages, princes, zamindars and noblemen of the presidency.

Terribly hungry – but no appetite

Alembic DRAKSHASAVA invigorates the entire system and puts fresh energy into it. It removes Constipation, promotes good appetite, aids digestion and thus restores lost health and helps to build afresh wornout tissues. It is a splendid restorative after any illness.

Alembic DRAKSHASAVA

Restores Appetite—Corrects Faulty Digestion

ALEMBIC CHEMICALS: BOMBAY • BARODA • MADRAS • CALCUTTA

The Mohendra Publishing Committee,

3, Gour Mohon Mukherjee Street,

CALCUTTA

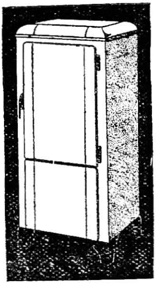
"Books by Sj. Mohendra Nath Dutt —The brother of the Renowned Swami Vivekananda--a scholar and an itinerant philosopher. Books that contain Truths visualised by the author and written and spoken in a mood of meditation. Highly appreciated by Scholars and Thinkers of the East and West, and recommended by men and thinkers like Romain Rolland."

LIST OF BOOKS

1. Dissertation on painting	Rs. 2-8
2. Appreciation of Micheal Dutt	As. 4
3. Metaphysics	As. 12
4. Mind	As. 12
5. Energy	As. 12
6. Natural Religion	As. 12

His Master's Voice

REFRIGERATORS



A BETTER INVESTMENT— MORE DEPENDABLE AND MORE ECONOMICAL

Sole Agents for Southern Districts Malabar and Travancore

VINCENT & CO., LTD.,

TRICHINOPOLY CANTT.

A Text Book of Elementary Mathematics

BY

V. P. VISWANATHA IYER, B.A., L.T.,

St. Mary's High School, Dindigul.

Books I, II, III for forms IV, V, VI respectively.

Difficulties in the various chapters have been classified into **three distinct stages** according to the standards of the forms and treated **concentrically**. Exercises have been given in **order of gradually increasing difficulty** under worked out models. There is ample scope for **individual work**. Problems involving symbols have been given in proper setting. **Oral exercises** have been given wherever possible.

A Text-Book of Algebra for Forms IV, V, VI.

A Text-Book of Algebra Part II for Forms V and VI.

BY

V. P. VISWANATHA IYER, B.A., L.T.

ELEMENTARY GENERAL SCIENCE

(MALAYALAM)

To suit the new syllabus

BY

P. Appukutta Menon, B, A., L. T.,

Science Assistant,

Raja's High School, Kollengode.

LOWER SECONDARY ARITHMETIC

FOR

MIDDLE SCHOOL CLASSES

BY

T. Lekshmikutty Varrisyar, B. A., L. T,

Mathematics Assistant,

Victoria Girls' High School, Trichur.

WELL PLANNED BOOK WITH

NUMEROUS EXERCISES

Apply to:

THE DECCAN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

HUZUR ROAD, CALICUT

OR

V. SUNDARA IYER & SONS,

TRICHUR

ROCHOUSE

THE LARGEST BOOK EMPORIUM
IN THE SOUTH

VARIED STOCK OF BOOKS

Suitable for

Schools and Colleges
Public and Private Libraries
The Young and the Old
The Scholar and the Browser

Unqualified Services and Competitive Prices

All Enquires are promptly responded to.

ROCHOUSE & SONS,
292, THE ESPLANADE,
MADRAS

BALACANTHARATHI
HAIR OLL
AND
CANTHARIDIN
BRILLIANTINE

Two ideal preparations containing

Crystalline CANTHARIDIN

For rich growth of Hair

For removal of Dandruff

For prevention of Baldness

AWARDED GOLD MEDAL AT THE

MYSORE DASARA EXHIBITION, 1935

GET YOUR BOTTLE

FROM YOUR NEAREST DEALER OR FROM

HARI SON LABORATORY,

MALLESWARAM, BANGALORE CITY

Agents :—

THE SCHOLAR STATIONERY STORES,

THE SCHOLAR PRESS, PALGHAT

TRADE TERMS ON APPLICATION

Pave your way

to

RADIANT LOVELINESS

by using

PRABHU'S

MARGOSA SOAP

the de-lux skin soap
of the tropics with
the active principles
of Margosa

MADE FROM PURE VEGETABLE OILS

SHARMAN & Co.,

SPORTS SPECIALISTS,

MADRAS **COIMBATORE**

Factories: SIALKOT

Manufacturers and importers:—

HIGH CLASS SPORTING GOODS,

SUPPLIERS TO ALL THE SCHOOLS,

COLLEGES AND CLUBS

CATERERS TO SPORTSMEN OF DISTINCTION

The house of quality, reliability and cheapness.

This is the testimony of all who have tried us. They are fully & completely satisfied and do not want to change us. Why not you also try us once and be convinced?

ADVERTISE
IN
SCHOLAR
ANNUAL

RESERVE SPACE AT ONCE

REMEMBER

Life of your advertisement
In a Daily is but an hour,
In a Weekly seven days,
But in a Monthly it is
Thirty Days.

ADVT. RATES

IN THE ANNUAL

		Rs.
One Page	...	15
½ Page	...	8
¼ Page	...	5

SPECIAL RATES FOR
MORE THAN ONE COLOUR

THE SCHOLAR ANNUAL, 1937

ADVERTISEMENT TARIFF

	Annual only	***Whole year.***
Per Ordinary Page.	Rs. 15	Rs. 80
,, Half Page.	Rs. 8	Rs. 45
,, Quarter Page.	Rs. 5	Rs. 25
Page 2 of the Cover.	Rs. 25	Rs. 125
Page 3 of the Cover.	Rs. 24	Rs. 120
Page 4 of the Cover.	Rs. 30	Rs. 150

Special Rates for Advertisements in Double or Triple Colour and for Special Positions.

Book your orders with

THE MANAGER,

The Scholar, Palghat.

Don't Scratch
Use —
Rising Sun
RINGWORM OINTMENT

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Made by
AMRUTANJAN LTD.

AMRUTANJAN LTD.,

MADRAS BOMBAY CALCUTTA

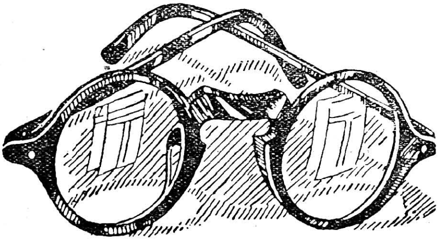
DEPENDABILITY

HIGH CLASS FRAMES OF

TESTED MERIT!!

CONCESSION RATES FOR STUDENTS!!

REMEMBER 26 YEARS' EXPERIENCE



WE STAND FOR QUALITY

Patronised by Maharajas, High Court Judges, Doctors etc.

RADHA BROS.,

OPTHALMIC OPTICIANS,

174, Broadway, MADRAS

SCHOLAR PENS

for

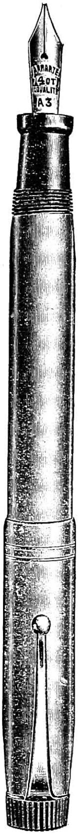
Easy Writing

and

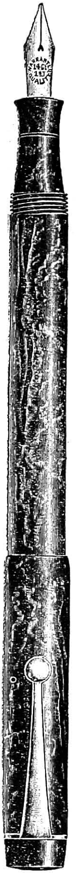
Reliability

SIZES, STYLE, POINTS AND COLOURS TO SUIT EVERY TASTE

SOLID GOLD NIB IRIDIUM TIPPED



SCHOLAR DE LUXE PEN Rs. 5/–



SCHOLAR PEN Rs. 3/8.

Sole Distributors :

THE SCHOLAR STATIONERY STORES,

THE SCHOLAR PRESS, PALGHAT

Always Buy Bamboo Brand Paper

THE GENUINE INDIAN PAPER

MANUFACTURED FROM

"BAMBOO"

BY THE

INDIA PAPER PULP CO., LTD.,

CALCUTTA

The Pioneer Company in the front rank of Modern Indian Paper Industry.

BAMBOO BRAND PAPERS

FOR QUALITY

QUALITY AND SERVICE SECOND TO NONE

Prices and Particulars may be obtained from:—

Sole Distributors on Malabar Coast:

C. V. RAMAKRISHNA IYER & SONS, LTD.,

CALICUT

Printed at The Scholar Press, Palghat and published by E. H. Parameswaran at Palghat.